

"Science of Salvation" By **BABA BHARATI**

Volume II

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The Magazine You Want To Read

Contents.



	Page
THOU MASTER OF ETERNITY!	189
THE GOOROO Rose Reinhardt Anthon	189
SCIENCE OF SALVATION Baba Bharati	190
WINDOW VIEWS OF HINDOO LIFE Rose Reinhardt Anthon	197
NATURE'S OWN CHILD Merry Walton	203
WESTERN TEACHING AND EASTERN MINDS	212
JIM Baba Bharati	214
PASSING EVENTS Baba Bharati	221
STORIES OF INDIA Rose Reinhardt Anthon	225
SAYINGS OF KRISHNA	227

EDITED BY

BABA BHARATI and ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

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THOU MASTER OF ETERNITY!

Glory to Thee, Thou Master of Eternity, who hast prepared for one and all a house that is eternal, where time shall have no sway and ages shall have no foundation, for Thou, whose aura is the house of man's eternity, Thou hast swallowed time and hast put the ages under Thy feet.

Glory to Thee, whose hand is ever close that man may be helped into his abiding place that is the house of his eternity, where space is as a vapor and time as a mist, having no potency and knowing not power.

Glory to Thee, Thou whose infinity lendeth infinity to finite-looking man, Thou whose breath is his life, Thou whose Love is his salvation.

THE GOOROO.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

Like some kind God that comes to stay
A little in man's passing day,
Dispersing blessings on his path,
To be his Life's sure aftermath—
So dost Thou stand.

Upon Thy brow God's kiss is laid,
Within Thy words His love is weighed,
His wisdom plays in every thought
That in Thy heart's deep world is wrought
By His own hand.

Oh, Gracious One, stay with us yet,
Until our eyes the heights have met,
The measurements and stature too
Of Soul, which Thou dost ever view,
In that far land.

THE SCIENCE OF SALVATION*

BY BABA BHARATI.

BELoved ONES OF MY LORD: I congratulate you all for coming to this temple of my Lord to hear a talk on the subject of salvation. Yes. It has become so hackneyed, the word "salvation," that it fails at times to draw attention to itself. In this age of rank materialism nobody cares to think of the salvation of his soul. People want salvation from worldly troubles; and that greatest of words, that which means to the human being all that is peace and harmony, all that is the prize of life, that word is being made use of in business matters.

Yes; nobody wants salvation in these days—salvation of the soul. The soul is getting to be abolished in the West—from most bodies it has been abolished. By "abolished" I mean, of course, that they do not care for the soul, nor do they know where the soul is to be found; nor do they know that they have a soul at all; they live on the outermost surface so much, this physical body, that they have no time to think, even, that the mind is apart from it. They have identified the mind with the body. The material scientists think that the mind is a part of the body and when the body is dead the mind dies—not to speak of the soul, for which they have no thought. I congratulate you, therefore, that you have come all the way to this little temple to hear something of your soul, something for the salvation of your soul—a subject which is getting more out of date every day.

But one great consolation is that for some this subject is having revived interest, though the interest is felt very little as yet; but it will gather force as it is gathering force daily. Men, especially in the West, have too much of materialism; and having gone to the one extreme, materialism, there is a reaction and they want to find what is at the other end. The subject to-night is "The Science of Salvation." Science means knowledge, from the Latin root *scio*, to know; so the knowledge of salvation is what our subject really means. But people in these days want something that is called science, to have all things reduced to the processes of modern material science. This science that the modern world is so very fond of is as old as creation. The Hindoos have science, science of everything. They have reduced everything to a science, so comprehensive is their knowledge of the world and its constituents. Even Salvation they have reduced to a science.

What is salvation? The Christian interprets it as deliverance from the power and penalty of sin. Deliverance from the power and penalty of sin is salvation.

What Is Sin.

Now the most important point in this definition is the word "sin." What is sin? If we try to answer it by the light of the Christian scriptures we can do so by saying, sin is a thought or act of unrighteousness. That is a wonderful word that Christ has spoken or the translators of the Bible have put in—"unrighteousness." And a thought or act of unrighteousness is sin. Now, what is unrighteousness? That which is opposed to righteousness. What, then, is righteousness? Righteousness is something that is in conformity with the principle of the purity within; that is, that which is in conformity with conduct and character of right standard. What is right standard? Or, whittled down to the finest point, the question may stand, What is right? Right means—according to popular idea—just, that which is just. What is just? This word "just" is a relative term. A just act means that which inflicts no injustice to one's own self, as, also none to others.

* Verbatim report of an extempore sermon delivered by Baba Bharati in the Krishna Temple, 730 West Sixteenth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.—U. S. A.

I have said, "to one's own self," because there are some acts which may do no injustice to anybody else in the world—these acts are done without the knowledge of the world—but the act may do injustice to the actor. Some acts, again, there are which may not, even, do any injustice to one's physical self, but may do injustice to his moral self. Now, what is "moral" self? Moral self is that consciousness in us which is born out of the reflection, upon our thoughts, of a light that is back of our mind. I want you to remember this, my attempt at a definition of the moral self, which is the consciousness within us that is born out of the reflection upon our thoughts, of a light that is back of the mind. Let me be more explicit. We find, whenever we want to do anything or think of anything, that there is a light, some intelligence that is within us, which is not acquired, some voice or wisdom in us which is not acquired in this life, but which is always present, which has been always present ever since we have come into consciousness of our own self. This is our moral self.

The Light Directing the Mind.

When this light, or, rather, the reflection of this light that is back of the mind, controls and guides the forces of our mind, then we commit nothing for which we have any reason to repent. When the reflection of this light guides our thoughts, guides our conduct, when this light controls our mental forces, then these mental forces are in harmony, in such harmony that we feel calm and serene. We never worry, we feel a sort of happiness; for, having no disturbance in the mind, this calmness, this poise of the mind gives us a satisfaction and contentment which we enjoy. The moment this light fails to control or to guide the forces of the mind, the forces fight against each other, and out of the fight comes a volition of the mind. That volition is reduced to action, and for that action we repent more or less. Even if we do not repent, there is a disturbance in the mind which makes us feel uneasy. Therefore, I may say the harmonious condition of the forces of the mind is virtue; and inharmony in the mind's forces is sin. I hope that you will all reflect a little on this my attempt to put before you as humbly as possible, this definition, this idea, of sin; this idea that inharmony in the mind's forces is the parent of sin—and what is parent of sin is sin.

Now, let us see. We all know this light, we all know this principle which sometimes we term conscience. The Western world terms it conscience. But I would rather appeal to your experience and ask you to find a name for it than to borrow a name from the vocabulary of modern languages. There stands the fact that we have back of our mind a light, or rather a reflection of a light, that is always present with us, that always casts its influence upon the forces of our mind; and whenever we do not act according to its guidance, according to its light, we get into scrapes, we feel we have done something which we should not have done and it causes us, at all events, an uneasiness in the mind. What is this light? If it is always present within everybody, then we must know what it is; and if this is the principle within us that guides us to do just acts and that is always our best friend, then we must know what it is.

Soul the Basic Principle.

That light is the light of the soul. Most of you do not care to know where the soul is; but it is the most important thing to know—the soul. Back of the mind is the soul. What is the soul? The soul is the primal principle of our life. By all life I mean the whole universe-life. The whole universe is pervaded by this principle, this basic principle, which is called Love, otherwise called God. This basic principle that pervades all creation, which is the foundation of all the creation, this basic principle that can be designated as Love, is the soul of everything, animate and inanimate; is the soul of every molecule, of every atom, within this creation. It pervades everything, therefore pervades us, mites of creation; and that part or portion of it which pervades us is our soul. Out of the soul springs consciousness, out of consciousness the mind. Out of the mind

spring the senses; and the senses create the elements, and the elements create this, the outer creation.

This, in a nutshell, is the philosophy of the Hindoos, the philosophy which has dissected the universe, which has opened the bowels of the universe to the gaze of man, the philosophy the principles of which have been realized and seen by the illuminated sages with the soul's eyes; the philosophy which, I am happy to say, is coming over to these Western lands, a philosophy which in time will be accepted by almost every thinking being of these vast Western lands; and a philosophy which some day will make the religion of Jesus of Nazareth a living religion, a scientific religion of this religion which is misunderstood now; a religion which, when rightly interpreted with the light of this ancient philosophy, will shine forth with even greater luster than it shone in the time of the first Christians.

This mind of ours at times turns its back to this light that is behind it, being in search of material things. The mind looks outward to the body and the needs of the body, the interests of the body. Therefore, it does not know what there is back of it. If you are looking in front you do not see what there is at your back. The mind that looks outwards and dwells on material things and the interests of the material body only, that mind is entirely material. It really, so to say, has no soul, because it is not conscious of the soul, not conscious of the light that is its light, that is its intelligence, that is its source. It dwells on the outer things, and the more it dwells on the outer things the more it begets in itself desires for the outer things; and the fumes and the vapors of these material desires form a coating on its glass, on its surface. Therefore, when the light shines from behind it, it does not perceive that light; it does not perceive that light though it shines through it. It looks out, thinking it is its own light. The little light that it has, it thinks that it is its own light. Its perceptions are very limited because of the coating that the desires have formed on its surface.

Soul-shine Dissolves Material Coating

If this mind be instructed to turn inwards, then this coating on it dissolves when the shine of the soul is shed on it. When we look inwards into the soul, when the mind is turned inwards, the light of the soul shines upon it and its warmth dissolves this coating of material desires; then, when the coating is gone, the light of the soul shines through this glass of the mind and illumines everything outside. No more is there any desire for earthly things; because, when the mind turns inwards and absorbs this warmth of the soul, this light of the soul, the attributes of the soul, it has no more desire for these gross, material things, which seem to it to be meaningless, to be without taste, without flavor.

I have just told you what salvation is. When the mind has turned inwards and the soul's shine has dissolved all the films of material desires, and when the soul shines through and the mind sees with the eyes of the soul, then it sees through everything outside. It dives beneath the surface of all things and finds the same soul-shine within them, finds that basic principle within every object outside, even matter that it called gross before has become spiritualized; because, this soul-mind sees with the eyes of the soul and penetrates into the depth of things and sees that everything is the reflection of that one basic principle, Love, spiritual essence, divine essence, whatever you like to call it.

Salvation Means Harmony

This, then, is the science of salvation. It not only frees you from all sin by creating harmony in the mind's forces—indeed, the mind's forces have vanished and the soul's forces are there—but it is by the soul-forces that that human being acts. There are no more mind-forces, no more inharmony; but, instead, there is perfect, absolute harmony in his mentality, and the former mentality is gone. It is a soul-mentality. The mentality is, really, a vehicle, a medium, for the soul to reflect through, to express itself. This ensouled mind, this soul-consciousness,

does not only free you from all sins but gives you something higher, something which you never bargained for, something which makes you joyful, makes you think your life is blessed, makes you think that you are the happiest mortal on earth.

Now, let us see. It is hard for anybody to turn his mind in. How to do it, that would be the question asked; how to turn the mind in. It is very easy to say, "Turn your mind inwards to the soul, but how to do it?" poor humanity, befogged by the vapors of matter, asks. How to do it, one rightly asks.

I will tell you how they do it in India. There, there are many schools for training for soul-consciousness, for developing soul-consciousness. One school teaches the yoga path. The yoga path is divided into five paths. The first path is called the *hatha* yoga. What is the *hatha* yoga? *Hatha* means force, anything that is done by force. Yoga means concentration. As I have said in my book and have told you many times, yoga is the original of its English corruption "yoke." The sanskrit is really *yog* (g hard), the original word of its corrupted form in English. *Yog* means yoking of the mind with the spirit, spirit of Nature. Then, *hatha* yoga means yoking the mind to the spirit by force. But what force? Force of the mind and the body. *Hatha* yoga is only fit for not very intelligent consciousnesses, but it is very good for such consciousnesses. If such people want to develop soul-consciousness, they have a chance.

Hatha Yoga

The Gooroo, the *hatha* yogi, to whom the disciple goes, first disciplines his chela's mind in to the loving devotion for him. He makes the chela only sit near him for six months—that is the shortest term—to see whether he has got patience enough to learn the yoga. Some of these would-be students, after a week or a month, find the gooroo does not give them anything to do, does not teach them and even does not speak to them, go away; but others, who have patience, stick. When one does stick, say six months, the gooroo gives him something to do. "Go to the woods and bring some fagots." "Go to such a place and bring this thing for me." Not that the gooroo wants anything, not that there are not people to do it, but the gooroo having found that this man has some devotion, wants to foster this devotion by giving him services to perform. And when he is very glad that at last he has got something to do for the gooroo, he rushes to obey his commands.

After, say, six months of services, during which time the disciple has not had a single lesson, the gooroo finds that he is made of material that is good for teaching, is the right kind of material. And then he trains him into some sitting postures.

You have no idea of these sitting postures, because, you all sit on chairs, but we Orientals, from our childhood, sit on the floor with our feet crossed. We have many postures of seating ourselves. Some of these postures would not be felt convenient by you, but we are accustomed to these postures. But the yoga postures are more difficult. When he learns these postures, to sit—you all think that these postures are nothing that is conducive to soul-consciousness; but no, there are certain yoga postures, and if you sit in them then your mind is calmed, your body is straightened and poised, and the poise of the body influences the poise of the mind—then he is given something to think upon. The mind concentrated on something to think upon, and the body-postures—these two combine to bring about some harmony in the forces of the mind. I will not dwell on it. This is a very inferior system of yoga. Really, it is intended for people who are not possessed of bright consciousness.

Karma Yoga

The next is Karma Yoga. The karma yoga is doing good actions. *Karma* means actions, doing good actions, good works, for the good of others and the good of one's own self. He must do good to his own soul, to his own real self—

by praying to God, by thinking of God, by thinking of saints, by thinking spiritual things, by studying religious books; and, also, do actions which are harmonious, which do good to others. This idea of having served people to their benefit fosters the growth within them of a spiritual sense.

The more and more they develop in karma yoga the nearer and nearer they come to the gnana yoga, which means the yoga of wisdom; and in time they give up Karma yoga and take to Gnana yoga.

Gnana Yoga

What is the yoga of wisdom? Knowledge of one's own self and the knowledge of the basic principle of life; knowledge of the mechanism and the working of the universe; knowledge of the inner laws of Nature by study, the inner laws within one's self, that self being a part of Nature. When he has studied from the illuminated books about these principles which form the universe, he applies it all to realization of those laws he has studied about, which are within himself, he tries to realize their operations, to experience their operation. And concentrating upon the innermost principle, the soul, they find that it, after a time, sheds a light on the operations of these inner laws. When they have studied these inner laws they fix their mind upon their soul and in time they absorb this soul. All inner laws, they do not so much care for then, they only concentrate upon the soul, with its own light, and absorb the soul into their mind. That mind then becomes ensouled, as I have said in the beginning; and that frees them in time from the bondage of earthly desires, and the freedom from the bondage of earthly desires leads to the freedom from sin.

Raja Yoga

Next, the Raja Yoga, begins with the regulation of the breathing. If you regulate your breathing, then you regulate your mind. This is a thing that the Western world is coming to know; that this breath, when controlled, is able to control the mind. Just as you are sitting here, you all feel that your breath is going fast; and the faster the breath, the greater is the activity of the mind. When you regulate your breath by making it few and far between, then you will find that the mind has been made calm. Our breathing bears the relation to the mind that the pendulum bears to the hands of the clock, the faster goes the pendulum, swifter move the hands of the clock. The faster goes our breathing, the faster is the activity of the mind, the mind is filled by too many thoughts that sweep through it in quick succession. By controlling our breathing we control our mind.

You can all try that; but you must try to regulate your breathing by some process known to yogis, for you must not play with your breathing. That is the most risky thing you can do. You must breathe according to the laws that have been laid down by the yogis of India. When you breathe according to those laws of breathing, then you will find that you control the mind; the mind will be regulated, it will be calm. The calmness of the mind, itself, will give you a peace, a happiness, unfelt before. The Raja Yogi, when he has controlled the mind, and along with the controlling of the breath and controlling of the mind, concentrates upon some image of God or some attribute of God, or the form of some incarnation of God. He is able to concentrate more powerfully and for a greater length of time by this control he has upon the mind through the controlling of the breath.

Method of Attaining Soul-Powers

I will give you a little idea, in brief, of how the raja yogi at last attains to soul-consciousness not only, but attains to great soul-powers. He is told by his gooroo to concentrate on the image of Krishna after he has given him a description of the personality and the attributes of Krishna. The attributes are love, harmony, peace, etc. The description he has given of his form is as he appeared on earth five thousand years ago. To aid his imagination, he has given

him this image, made of either wood or stone. He has told him to think of Krishna and to concentrate his mind upon this form of Krishna with the aid of this stone or wooden image. It is but a symbol, he always tells him. It is a symbol. He has told him, "When you see this image always present, so present that it never goes away from before your mind's eye, whether your outer eyes are open or shut, at all times, then you tell me." When the chela says: "Yes, gooroo, I have now, after such a long time, got this image always before me. It is always before me, whatever I am doing; this image never goes away from my mind's eye." The gooroo says: "All right. Now you think of this image from the head down to the knees only. The part of the form below the knees you must not see."

An Image the Greatest Aid

And in time—the more he concentrates the more he is capable of concentrating. In less time than it had taken him before, he sees that he can see Krishna's image before his mind's eye from the head down to the knee only. And when he tells his gooroo about his success, then the gooroo says, "Now, think of Krishna's image, the same image, from the head to the waist; and you must not see anything below that."

In time he succeeds in seeing only the upper part of Krishna's image. When he tells his gooroo that he sees only the upper part, from the waist up, then he says "Now see only the upper part of him, from the breast up." When he sees Krishna only from the breast up, then the gooroo says, "Now see his head only." When he succeeds in only seeing the head, then says the gooroo, "Now see only the eyes and from the eyes up." When he sees only that part of Krishna's image which is from the eyes up, then he says, "Think only of the crest, only the crest of His crown." And when in time he has succeeded in seeing only the crest of the crown—and now by his constant practice of concentration he has become proficient in concentration and gets quicker results—then he is asked only to see the pearl pendant of the crest. When he sees the pearl pendant of the crest only and sees nothing else, then the gooroo says, "Now only concentrate on the point between the eyebrows, the imaginary point between the eyebrows."

Now, so long he had been concentrating upon material things, upon tangible things, upon visible things—he has been concentrating for, say ten or twelve years; in some cases, twenty years—his concentration has become so powerful, its force has become so keen, that it can penetrate into anything, that it can concentrate upon anything and make it a visible thing before his eyes.

Now, when he is asked to concentrate upon this imaginary point between the two eyebrows, with eyes shut, after a time, when his concentration becomes absolute—absolute in the sense that he thinks only of that point to the exclusion of all other thoughts, of all other objects—then suddenly, one day, the most wonderful thing happens. Suddenly his concentration has become so keen and so powerful, so absolute, that the point of his concentration pierces into the veil of Nature and rends that veil asunder and at once he feels that the whole universe is within him and he is within the universe.

He has begun on a crude image of Krishna, which crude image has been taken out of his consciousness by portions. At last, all that remained of the crude image to concentrate upon was this pearl pendant; and the pearl pendant is taken away and he is asked to concentrate upon this imaginary point between the eyebrows. When, with his practiced concentration, with his developed concentration, with his concentration made more and more powerful by daily practice, daily practice, incessant practice of, say, fifteen or twenty years, he is able to rend asunder the veil of Nature, and he feels that the whole universe is within him and he is within the universe, a connected part and parcel of the universe.

One with the Universe

He never feels from that moment that he is detached from the universe. He feels he is a connected part of the universe. The whole universe is also

within him as it is outside of him. He sees through the inner laws of Nature. Those inner laws of Nature he finds working within everything, within every tree, within every bit of stone, within the sky and earth; everywhere he sees the workings of the inner laws of Nature. And, more than that, he sees the essence which pervades even the laws and which is even the sum and substance of all existence.

When he goes on experiencing those wonderful results that he has attained, after a time the workings of the inner laws of Nature are gone; he only sees this essence of God within him and without him. He floats in that ecstatic essence. That man has more than salvation. Sin is a thing that he cannot even dream of. He has more than salvation, more than deliverance from the power and penalty of inharmonious acts or sins. He has entered into the soul of things, into the soul of the universe. There he lives. His body dissolves in time; but he is the master of his own life, the master of his own longevity. Whenever he wants to give up the body he gives it up and merges into the essence which he sees, which he has been realizing—into the essence of all things. That is *raja yoga*.

Bhakti Yoga the Highest

The last on the list is the *Bhakti Yoga*, the greatest of *Yogas*, the *yoga* of loving devotion. It is the devotion of love. One can attain to not only salvation but attain to Godhood by which I mean, can enter into the essence of the Deity, can enter into the innermost realm of creation, can enter into the very soul of God; and this is by devotion, loving devotion.

The devotee or the student of this loving devotion concentrates his mind upon one of the radiant expressions of God, some incarnation of God. These incarnations of God possess absolute God-consciousness, which means absolute soul-consciousness. They had attained to this sublime height in former incarnations aeons ago. They had, also, been students, aeons before. Like the students of devotion now concentrating upon their personality, they were students, but aeons before. They also had concentrated upon the personality of some incarnation, before. They had attained to perfect soul-consciousness, they had merged into the soul of the universe, into the consciousness of God, and remained for aeons there. They were then detached from that absorbed state and sent down to earth and reincarnated themselves in human flesh and walked on earth as God's incarnations. They are God's incarnations, and no mistake. They are God. No more have they any human consciousness. Their consciousness is Divine consciousness. Having remained merged in Divine Essence so long, having remained soaked in that essence, for so long, all their human attributes have vanished and they have no consciousness but God-consciousness. Hence these are incarnations of God. They are God on earth.

The devotee concentrates upon one of these Incarnations, say, Krishna, the fullest and greatest Incarnation. When he concentrates upon Krishna, the most beautiful form of Krishna as He walked on earth five thousand years ago, and His wonderful attributes of heart and head, upon the divine acts that he performed on earth, upon His actions of love, actions that were unparalleled in the history of the universe, when he concentrates upon Krishna with all the love he can gather in his breast, more and more sings His praises, more and more adores Him, more and more studies all the acts and attributes of Krishna in the scriptures, more and more time he devotes to this concentration and to this worship, the more he absorbs Krishna.

We absorb everything that we concentrate upon. We absorb the attributes of objects we concentrate upon. What we think upon we absorb. When the devotee concentrates upon Krishna and makes that concentration in time absolute and constant, he has absorbed the attributes of Krishna and he has absorbed the love of Krishna. Krishna is Love; Lord God Krishna is Love Itself; is All Love! He, the devotee, has absorbed harmony, the attribute of Love. He has absorbed even the powers of Krishna, the soul-powers of Krishna.

Absolute Love the Reward of Devotion

Then he has not only received salvation but he has entered into the realm of Absolute Love. When he goes about, all the people look at him and all wonder at his awakening, his wonderful awakening. Wherever he goes he sheds light. Wherever he goes he radiates love. Those that see him cannot but come near him and try to absorb from him something which they see people generally do not possess. Something which attracts them, something which gives them a harmonious feeling, which begets in them a sense of harmony, of peace, of love, of goodness, of righteousness. This is the reward of the devotee of Krishna, or of the devotee of some incarnation of God.

WINDOW-VIEWS OF HINDOO LIFE

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

THE WINDOW of my room looks out upon a narrow lane, one side of which is fronted by a line of massive buildings, wherein dwell the prosperous. The other side is backed by a succession of dried mud huts with tiled roofs which house the poor and lowly of this portion of the city. This lane is circular in shape and crescent in its formation, and there is not an hour in the day, not a minute, day or early night, when the everflowing stream of humanity ceases to tread its sunbaked soil.

Hour after hour, I sit and look down its narrow winding way that leads from the street into innumerable tributary lanes and alleys to find a path into a perfect mass and network of byways and walks, that eventually lead into a broad street or avenue. The sights one sees, the sounds one hears in this lane, are not the least interesting in this most interesting drama of Calcutta life. It has seemed to me that every phase of Indian life is lived here, every degree of Indian intelligence is found here, every form of Indian religion is represented, and every characterization of Indian make-up is displayed.

From early morning, a little after sunrise, until the glorious tropical moon rises to the heights of her kingdom, an incessant out-pour of humanity is passing and repassing up and down this lane, until it seems as if the whole world of Calcutta has turned out to add the dust of its feet unto that which the millions had left before them. It bewilders the eye to look upon the colors that flare bright and daring in the sun's hot rays, set off as it were by the wan white of the widow's softly flowing robe, as she mingles in lowly silence among the careless crowd that strides back and forth, in and out, up and down, ceaselessly, unconscious of heat and crowd, of din and noise as the urchin that, minus covering of any kind, faces the world of people, even in the garb Nature's kindly hand has clothed it with. The Hindoo Babu, with his dhotee of snowy white muslin, his shoulder shawl of linen, delicate silk, or foamy cashmere, walks side by side with the Mussulman, who, in a long skirt of many

colored plaid, with skull cap and tunic, wends his way down this plaisance of variety.

The dark skin of the Eurasian, peering from beneath a gray or white helmet, is seen ungraceful in garb of English cut, while the white man strides by unlordly in his lordly position among these lords of a civilization that was ancient when the white man's forefathers roamed naked and savage in a land where barbarism held sway. Here, too, the Kabuli, a sturdy giant of a Mohammedan tribe from the frontiers of Afghanistan, a trader in cloth and wools, with flowing skirt and huge turban, with zuave jacket of coarse cloth loosely covering a shirt of soft material and carrying a heavy mountain stick, makes a wild picture in vivid contrast to the stately gait and aristocratic carriage of the native of India.

The coolie, in his nakedness, with naught but a loin cloth, carrying on his head a huge basket, looms big before the eye, the pedler with his wares, the flower woman, the shoemaker with his kit, the carpenter with his tools, the umbrella mender, the *pan* woman, the fruit vender, the milk maid, the sari merchant, the silk weaver, the sweetmeat boy with their calls are in evidence during the hours of the day, and break into the wakes of the night in plaintive trills or regulated notes, that leave one painfully aware that their work is unceasing and their hours of labour have no end, for India cognizes not time as we of the West do; night and day is all the same to them, if the pictures of my lane are a criterion to judge them by.

The hours that bespeak the most restful ones, are those that stretch between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. when the sun sends down its rays in mighty heat. Then the crowds in the lane are thinned, and only a countable number are seen hurrying to and fro, but it is far from empty, for all along in the shadows cast by the buildings are stretched coolies, who, at this time, forgetful of heat and work, find rest in slumber.

When night comes, the beautiful night of the Orient when the skies, velvety black, flash forth the red-gold of the nearby stars; or when the silver of a white, white night holds on its breast a copper red moon and thousands of stars that seem so much bigger than the stars of our Western skies, rivaling each other in color and size, when the night comes and turns each hut into a marble temple, and the more pretentious structures into palaces of silver, they give to the trees a glory of white sheen, and paves the streets and lane as with shimmering glass. On these nights that men dream of, but know not of, outside the Orient, when its witcheries enter the blood and mount to the brain to conjure up shadows of the long ago past, and also enflesh hopes and ideals yet to be, on these nights that belong to India alone, these nights that are so beautiful that they make the very gods envy man, nights full of the loveliness of a full moon, then my lane is alive with a swarming mass of men, women and children, full-

ocks and carts, burros with their burdens. The cries of the vender pierce the night in slow, mournful calls, the clang of the cymbal, the beat of the drum, the chant of the sacred hymn, the strain of a flute or note of the vina, all tend to give a festive aspect to the world that my window faces.

There is a temple a few feet down the lane, and this accounts for the many ascetic priests and hermits, holy men and wandering mendicants that are in the crowds during the day. These homeless wanderers are usually clad in a saffron-colored cloth that falls from waist to ankle, a corner of which is also drawn about the shoulders and knotted at the neck. Their matted locks are either piled on their head, or hang in long strands down their back. Sometimes the head is as clean shaven as the face, again, the face is half hidden in shaggy beard that measures half the length of his chest.

Most of these men have no permanent home, they are known as the men of the desert. They are ever on the wing, today in a city, tomorrow on a country road or by the river side, a few weeks hence they may be in some cave or living for a time in some hermitage, and then again ere the season has waned, they may be gazing on the blue skies that bend like some great spirit of silence of the snow-capped tops of the Himalayan heights.

They carry with them, usually, a waterpot that serves as a drinking-bowl and a pillow, an extra cloth to wear as change, a rosary hung about the neck, and perhaps a pair of tongs or a staff. Thus they come and go, year in and out until a time comes when a desire to fix a staying place awakens within them, then some village or mountain cave, river side or country road, will claim them. There they live, giving to all that come to them the benefit of the experiences they have gathered through their years of wandering. Many of these men have gone around India several times, visited thousands of shrines, and sat at the feet of the great rishis and yogis and saints that they have met at these places.

The auspicious month for marriage has just passed, and many were the gay processions that have passed down our lane. Usually the bridegroom comes to the house of the bride after nightfall for the ceremony to be performed. This means a gala hour; he is preceded by a torch-light procession and also followed by one. Often he is escorted by a band of music, consisting of several drums, a goodly array of cymbal players, flutes, bagpipes, and a sort of fiddle or violin that gives forth a strain particularly sweet and almost human in its note. He is seated on a platform that is gorgeously decorated with tinsel and silk draperies, and is carried through the streets by coolies. He is splendidly attired in a satin or velvet robe profusely garnished with gold lace and jewels and on his head is a cap richly ornamented with gold, jewels and precious stones. Sometimes there are several boys and girls in festive dress, brothers and sisters of the bride

and groom, who also ride with the groom on the platform and act as maidens and pages in waiting.

On rare occasions the bride is seated at the side of the groom, and when she is, a flutter of excitement runs through the crowd who gather to see the procession pass, for the sari of the bride is generally one that is good to behold; it may be of flaming yellow, of royal purple, of brilliant red, but of whatever color, it is richly embroidered and of finest silk. At these times she is loaded with jewels; arms, neck, wrists, waist, ears, hands, brow, fingers and toes are heavy with silver and gold and stones. Of course, the value or non value of the dress, jewels, canopy and lights depends upon the worldly prosperity of the family.

Rama, the incarnation of Love, and his consort Sita, devotion, are the ideals upon which all marriages in India are based. Rama, the good Rama, the perfect Rama, the God Incarnate, who lived on earth and wedded Sita, Sita the faithful, Sita, the devoted, Sita, the goddess of his heavenly realm, these are represented in each marriage festival. The bridegroom is Rama, beautiful in kingly attire, the bride is Sita, lovely in queenly garb; the platform upon which they sit represents the throne of the heavenly pair, and the music, the lights, the trappings of velvet and lace, the jewels and rich costumes, are supposed to be the splendour which befits the perfect husband and wife, the ideal king and queen that came from the sphere celestial to show unto man the high ideals of law and marriage.

"Give me a husband like Rama," the Hindoo girl prays in her worship from babyhood unto the age of marriage. "Make me a bride like Sita in devotion, and like her in wifely faithfulness," she repeats when matrimony is placed upon her brow.

"Give me a wife like Sita," the Hindoo boy says from early boyhood unto youth and manhood. "Make me a perfect husband as was Rama," and thus Rama and Sita, the ideal husband and wife, are within the minds of the people of India from the cradle to the burning ghat.

These marriage festivities often last for days, and during them fortunes are spent on charities. Many Brahmans are always fed, and gifts made unto them, the poor also, and last, hundreds of beggars are given meals and alms. I have seen over three hundred beggars fed in our lane, on one of these occasions. Great plantain leaves are spread before them, and the blind, the halt, the deaf and dumb, the paralyzed and the crippled, the dirty beggar and the woman steeped in poverty with her child on her hip or leading a half dozen at her side, are all seated cross-legged, in long, unbroken lines at each side of the lane, eating their meal of many courses, while the stream, the unending stream of men, women and children, bullocks and horses pass between the lines as if these three hundred hungry ones eating in a public lane is a common occurrence among them.

Often, once, twice, thrice during the night, a call falls on the ear, a call once heard never forgotten, half chant, half wail, wholly mournful, and all who hear its weird rising inflection, know that on the shoulders of four men a bier is born, on which the shrouded form of the dead is making its last exit through the land unto the funeral pyre at the river's side.

A few nights ago, the wail, "Haribol, Say the name of the Lord," was drowned by a shriek, piercing and full of woe. It was the cry of a mother calling after her fourteen-year-old son who was being taken from a little hut at the end of the lane.

"Little father," it rang, "where dost thou go? Wilt thou leave me thus to face the day?" Louder and louder it rang upon the night until the cry of the bearers of the dead died in the distance. Then the mother's wail ceased and only her stifled sobs fell like the beats of a breaking heart upon the night.

Directly opposite my window lives the dhobi or washerman. His hut is small but ever spotlessly clean. He himself, draped in immaculate dhoti, sits hour after hour counting the stacks of linen that are brought for washing. He is a large man with a face as kind and a heart as soft as a woman's. The naked children of the vicinity crowd about him when his work is done; they sit on his lap, cuddle to his breast, hang about his neck, and sometimes their love taps become hard and stinging, but he says no word to spoil their play, but lends himself to their rough caresses as a fond nurse might do. He has a goat, a spoiled lady goat, that refuses to eat unless the grass and leaves are offered by her master's own hand. When the dhobi stretches himself on the bench before his hut at the hour of noon, the goat crawls into his arms and lays her head upon his breast, perfectly sure of an undisturbed sleep, for the dhobi will often lie awake in a cramped position, rather than disturb the slumbers of his pet.

Then there is a widow who lives near by, and she is the happy possessor of two calves, one a bullock, the other a heifer. Each day at an early hour, this little old woman, bent almost in two, leads them to a shady spot and tethers them close to my window. Then she hobbles back to her hut and in a little while returns with an armful of hay and a pail of fodder, which she places carefully before them, and with a word or two and a pat to each, she wobbles around the bend in the lane and is lost to sight. Now, each day, as if by clock regulation, a large bullock comes from the other end of the lane, marches for the spot where the calves are tied, deliberately takes possession of the hay, eats it, and without a look at the timid calves, who stand meekly by and watch him devour their food to boot, marches majestically down the lane from whence he came. The little old widow is blissfully unconscious of the highway robbery perpetrated upon her much loved calves. Yet, if she

did see it, she would not disturb the thieving bullock, for this bullock is one of the many sacred animals that roam the streets in India, and that have, in their early calfhood, been dedicated to Shiva, who is said to use the bull as a means of transportation from one sphere to another, preferring it to wings and such like, which are mere flimsy frippery in comparison to the strong foundation and solid comfort of a bull ride.

These creatures, large, smooth, well-fed and confident, perfect pictures of strength and beautiful proportions, are the ascetics of the animal world. They go about nonchalantly, quite aware of their importance, they lie on the sidewalk for a little siesta, and are not disturbed by the passers-by, who circle about their huge bulk rather than disturb their comfort. They are in evidence at all hours of the day and night. When hunger seizes them they make for a bazar, and are rarely turned away empty mouthed; in fact, they stand in front of the shop, staring the keeper quite out of countenance, and, in self defense, the coveted cake or corn, the sweet or fruit, is given to it, for the eye of Shiva's beloved bullock is large and fine and full of mystery, and is said to hold uncanny depths which mere man has no desire or courage to fathom.

The Government at one time tried to make them useful members of the animal society by harnessing them to the refuse carts, but India arose in all her religious might, the Government yielded, and the sacred bulls are allowed to wend their sweet ways unmolested by man or carts.

During the Spring festivities just passed, the lane assumed dignified proportions. Almost every house had a goddess to take in state to the Ganges to immerse in its holy waters, for the Hindoos worship all gods and goddesses, except the great Over-God, but three or four days. After that, with much eclat, the image and the richly decorated throne upon which the god or goddess is placed are thrown into the river.

So, on this Spring pooja, when the giver of rice was worshipped, and the air was full of the sounds that accompany these ceremonies, and the night came when the images were to be taken away, the families all over Calcutta sent their goddess to be given to the Ganges. Several were carried through our lane, accompanied by music and drum, lights and palm sheaves, and followed by the man of the household with his relatives and friends either on foot or in carriages. As the image passed, men and women stopped to salute it, children also stopped their play to do likewise, and on a street which is known to be inhabited by the lowest of Oriental womanhood, the outcastes of all society, the fallen leaves of the city, the image was greeted by ejaculations of reverence, and one and all of these degraded creatures, in the eyes of the world, turned reverently with clasped hands toward the image that represented to them, not a figure of clay, but the image of that phase of God which is the giver of sustenance unto mankind and the preserver of the world.

To the Hindoos, the learned and the illiterate alike, the image is but a center upon which their mind is focused and from which their devotion radiates. One and all will tell you that each radiance must have a centre, even as each centre must have a radiance, and that the gods and goddesses of the vast collection that they worship, are but various phases of that Omniscient, Omnipotent, and Omnipresent God, who rules and controls all, but who has given unto each object of Nature, each thing of His creation, a center presided over, as it were, by a spiritual being, who is the god or goddess of that object or thing, and whom man worships as an attribute of the Most High.

THE HINDOO: NATURE'S OWN CHILD

BY MERRY WALTON

THE AVERAGE Westerner's first impression of the Orient is that life there is an enigma without a solution, a labyrinthine maze without beginning or end, a medley without plan or purpose, else why this inexplicable confusion, this jumble of strange peoples, costumes, colors, sights and sounds? The startlingness of it all bewilders one at first, and we look to see our wonder and surprise reflected in the faces about us, but we are met instead by stares of curious interest or marked indifference till gradually the calm acceptance of life as it is and the evident complacency of the masses of humanity who live it filter into our own mind until our wonder melts into surprise that finally even ceases to be surprised by what would once have amazed us beyond expression.

It is only when one thinks of the streets of our Western cities with the clang of cars, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the honk honk of the automobile and the mad rush of hurrying, bustling crowds, all much clothed, shod and hatted, the great stores and enormous show windows and the sky-scrapers towering stories high over the business of the workaday world, it is only when one thinks of this intense life so familiar to us that this placid unconcern, this calm confusion, so to speak, seems unfamiliar, unreal and distant as half the globe away.

Why these mingled sensations? Probably because the naturalness and simplicity of life in the Orient and its perfect adaptability to its surroundings are so soon recognized and its contrast to some of our modes of life made apparent when the mind wanders homeward or when some so-called absolute necessity cannot be procured, reminding one of the multiplicity of Western wants, or most of all when one sees the children of the Orient masquerading in Occidental ways and garb, attempting to assimilate a form of civilization that bears no relation to their habits and customs, too often absorbing only its vices, and discarding that which has been evolved through centuries and has within its heart's core a

principle of endurance that proves its essential soundness. Yes, it is the naturalness in everything that impresses one—a child-like naturalness that never borders on crudity, a native simplicity that is appealing in its very insouciance.

Their clothing, or rather the lack of it, seems the natural garb for dwellers in a tropical clime. The frank, unconscious nudity of the children and the scanty coverings of their elders occasion little surprise, accustomed through we are to the body being concealed from throat to feet. Their complexion of rich brown or lighter tints, so smooth and fine in texture and firm with health, seems to clothe them in addition to their usual covering and forms a pleasing note in the general color scheme, a suitable background for the display of their snowy white or brilliant-hued draperies that run in wild splashes and outbursts of color back and forth through all the tints of the rainbow and then continue to boil and froth in a veritable volcanic ebullition of gorgeousness.

The men wear dhotis—a long piece of thin, bordered white cloth fastened around the waist and draped so as to form trousers reaching just below the knee with the front pleated and left to hang loosely to the ankles. Often the feet are bare and the body from the waist up, except sometimes for a flowing shirt and upper cloth. The coolies are more simply clad in loin cloth and a bit of rag wrapped around the head. The sari that drapes the women is cool and airy and forms no hindrance to freedom of motion. Her hands have never felt the pressure of gloves nor have her feet been bound by shoes. The body, being thus unconfined, has full chance for natural development and play and swing of the muscles.

The result we see in the straight limbs, erect head and swelling chest of the children and the suppleness and agility of their finely moulded bodies, in the well-built men whose poise of head and dignity of bearing are often regal in aspect and whose features are often classically Grecian in outline, in the graceful forms of the women whose health and youthful freshness are shown in the dark, lustrous eyes, the delicate beauty of face and expression, the live glow of the flesh and the smooth brow and cheek unfurrowed by Time's wrinkles. Age and decay have here as elsewhere their place in the lives of men and here as elsewhere create their havoc, especially among the lower classes, but centuries of natural living have in many ways retarded this process or lent to it the charm of a rich fruition.

The Hindoo's manner of eating, too, is in reality the most natural in the world and is not without merit even in Western eyes, as all who have experienced the joys of picnic or camp life can attest. They sit cross-legged on the floor and eat from plates in front of them, conveying the food to the mouth with the fingers of the right hand. The brightly polished brass plates and cups form a most durable and elegant table

service which can be handed down as heirlooms from one generation to another. On festive occasions, plates made of the smooth green leaves of the plantain are used and earthen cups, twenty-four for a cent, that are always destroyed after once using. The Hindoo finds his fingers more convenient than knife and fork for conveying his food to his mouth and affirms that this manner of eating also adds zest to the food. Our way seems to him most unusual, unnatural and entirely awkward. The problem of feeding hundreds or even thousands, as is done sometimes by the wealthy at festivals, is materially simplified by this method of service and distribution of food.

The little mud oven or stove with fuel of fagots or coal or cow-dung cakes and the few cooking appliances of the tiny kitchen, though seemingly so simple and inadequate, are yet sufficient to produce the elaborate cookery and varied dishes that the Hindoos delight in. The cook squats while at work and takes infinite pains and patience in the preparation of the food, observing all the prescribed rules of care and cleanliness.

Their food is the outcome of long experiment and experience of ancient sages in order to discover that which would best support the body in health and strength and render it a fit earthly temple for the soul. The result is a system of dietary regulated by religious rules that is found to be admirably adapted to the needs of those who live in a tropical land. Certain foods are to be used only in the morning, others at night; even the combination and order of eating has relation to digestion. Bitter or sour foods are eaten first to give greater appetite and induce the flow of digestive fluids, more substantial foods follow in due order, and last, a preparation of sweet curd that is said to aid greatly in digesting the meal.

Alcoholic beverages find no place among the beverages of the true Hindoo. That the curse of drink, formerly confined to the lowest outcastes, is polluting higher ranks of society, can be traced directly to the advent of the white man and his wine shop. Miss Agnes Slack, Secretary of the World's Women's Temperance Association, has this to say in the course of a lecture on the result of her investigation in the principal cities of India:

"I am told that a few years ago grog shops were practically unknown in the native bazars of India, and I believe it is a fact that many of them have been established in direct opposition to the wishes of the majority of the people. For hundreds of years four-fifths of the population of India were teetotallers by religion, and it is a deplorable fact that, as the caste system is being slowly but surely abrogated, the drink evil is robbing that very desirable process of some of its advantages. The natives of India, it is regrettable to state, associate Christianity with drink. To them a white face and Christianity are synonymous, and this erroneous

impression has a decided and unmistakable influence in retarding the spread of our religion."

Vegetarianism is the diet of the great majority of the Hindoos, a small minority using fish or mutton. Here, again, religion steps in and puts the ban on flesh food as most unclean and unfit for the use of man, involving, as it does, both cruelty and suffering. The cow is worshipped as a mother, for she alone among animals can most perfectly sustain human life; she is sacred and holy, therefore the breath of slaughter is not allowed to approach her, so she wanders through life unmolested. The Anglo-Indian will often admit, though he may not live accordingly, that the Oriental foods and condiments are exceedingly beneficial, and that meat and alcoholic stimulants are decidedly injurious to those who live in the Indian climate. Two meals a day is the rule and this is found sufficient for the demands of the appetite in such a warm country. Though many of the dishes might not be pleasing to the Occidental palate, there are many that would meet with great favor if they could be made and served properly with the right ingredients and accompaniments, and they would form a welcome spice of variety to our less highly seasoned viands.

This naturalness of living extends also to the homes and their structure and furnishing. The close association of community life is expressed in the building of the very shops and houses that huddle close together, almost mingle, in an intimacy that our more individualized structures do not possess. Even the more pretentious dwellings that are enclosed from the public by a high wall, have about them that atmosphere of sociability, that air of genuine hospitality which our old-fashioned Colonial houses possess, whose huge pillars, broad verandas and open windows extend a cordial welcome to the guest even before the hearty greeting of the host. The simple furnishing is noticeable except in homes that have become Anglicised or seek to provide for the comfort of English friends. Chairs, tables and the many lesser accessories that we find necessary to our comfort are little in evidence in the true Hindoo home. They sit and eat on the floor and can, if necessary, sleep peacefully rolled up in a blanket on the floor or on cots of plaited rope, though the wealthier have elegant and massive bedsteads with soft mattresses and pillows. What need for the cushioned depths of a Morris chair or the soothing swing of a rocker when they can sit squat for hours in a space a foot square without cramp or discomfort?

The need of individual privacy which is the outgrowth of individual interests, is not felt so much in the East where affairs are more centered, less diffused, than in the West, and where the modern stress and strife have not penetrated so deeply into the home life, bringing that nervousness which finds companionship an intrusion. So we find that play, work, festivity and worship, are carried on more or less openly, unconscious

of onlookers or careless of their scrutiny. But the women's apartments are secluded from the ordinary comings and goings of the public. These precincts are sacred to the family and close relatives and friends, a retreat, as it were, from the world and its ways. Here are screened balconies and courts where the family groups may mingle, and here reigns the same spirit of social life and interests that pervades the entire home. Indeed, this sanctuary where womanly influence is most felt is the heart of the home, the heart of India that beats in accord with the spirit of old India which is reviving in the hearts of her sons. For preserving her high hopes and ideals in all their stainless purity, India has to thank her daughters who in all the strength and courage of their unworldliness have withstood onslaughts, to which many of her sons, wiser in the world's ways, have succumbed. All praise is due to the sweet, gentle, retiring, womanly woman of India who is *swadeshi*, heart and soul, and who is inspiring in her sons and brothers and husband the same true spirit of *swadeshi* that is inspiriting this despairing land.

"Back to Nature" is the cry in the West. Here in India many have never wandered far from the Mother's protecting arms, and those who have strayed away are even now returning for the peace and happiness which science and art have failed to give them. Children of Nature, they have a wholesome love for the earth which they regard and worship as the mother who sustains and nourishes her hungering children. The dust of the soil does not pollute them, rather do they desecrate it by the touch of their feet. What we consider dusty or dirty does not seem so to them, just as to the farmer the earth and its products are pure and clean, though to the city man they seem quite the reverse. So, we see that purity and cleanliness are relative terms and must be measured not by arbitrary rule but by the standard established by each nation according to its natural habits and customs.

The sun, moon and stars are also divine manifestations whose influence bodes good or ill to earth-walkers. The stars are consulted as to auspicious days for commencing important business or celebrating festive events, and a favorable conjunction of planets means a special grace and blessing to humanity. This closeness to Nature makes all thoughts and things vital to the Hindoo. The very noises that grate on the nerves and pierce the ear-drums are but the voicings of Nature in her natural state, not the clang and roar of machinery or the explosive outbursts of forces striving to break their man-made chains. The hoarse caw caw of the crow, the bold, impish marauder that thrives by theiving, the call of the low-swinging kite and the twitter of the tiny, fearless sparrow, form a continuous accompaniment of sound to the usual noises of the day.

Before dawn shows crimson in the east, the world is astir—for the morning hours are the golden ones in tropical lands—and the air is vocal

with sounds. The passing vender's call rings shrill and insistent above the chatter of the loquacious housewife who is sweeping the floors and washing the walls of the home preparatory to the day's rounds of duties. The driver of the bullock carts lends the weight of loud maledictions to the sting of the goad, and the coolies moving some heavy load shout together in rhythmical unison. Children's voices mingle in a shrill, rising treble or are hushed by still sharper accents of the elders. Above the rumble of the slow-moving carts is heard the clang clang of the clash of metal as the pedler of brass utensils advertises his wares. At night-fall from courtyard or shop float forth the weird wail of the vina and violin, accompanied by the jingle of cymbals, the soft tinkle of bells, the unearthly notes of flute-like instruments and the dull boom or the soft, swift tap-tap of the drums. These are the natural musical instruments that have served man through all time to voice his thoughts in sound, from the one-stringed Aeolian harp to the lute with silver cords, from the pipes of Pan to the shepherd's flute, through whose strings and reeds the wild wind shrieks and sobs and moans, laughs the lilting laugh of youth or sighs the bitter wail of death.

In its weird, piercing uncanniness of sound, dull monotone or soft minor cadences, this Oriental music seems strange and unnatural to the Western ear accustomed to the full, rich harmonies of organ or pianoforte, but if music is, indeed, the soul's effort at vocal expression, what right has mere man to attempt to judge by a single standard the many forms this expression may assume?

Dusk, that fleeting period of union between daylight and dark, is heralded by the blare of conch shells and a medley of voices and sounds that amounts to a din, for to the Hindoo and Mohammedan alike this is the mystic hour that renders prayer most potent, so the one adores his Lord in the Temple with music, song and wafted incense, while the other worships in the Mosque or on the roadside and prostrates himself in silent prayer towards the holy city of Mecca.

Night does not always bring with it the welcome silence that harbingers a peaceful rest. This is the most auspicious time for celebrating marriages, family festivities or festal days of gods and goddesses, so the wakeful hours are often prolonged till long past midnight by music, feasts and brightly lighted processions. Time may creep with leaden feet or fly with swiftest wings, but the Oriental heeds not, for the past is gone and the future is ever melting into the present.

Is a quiet, low-voiced conversation an unheard thing in India? It would almost seem so when one hears the avalanche of words, the volleys of sound, the vociferous outpourings of language that are audible in the bazars, on the streets and that even penetrate the stone walls of the houses. It is the natural voice of natural man whose sonorous tones have rung for ages through jungle aisles and resounded within massive

corridors. Expression is the law of the East, an abandon of expression which mirrors the inmost feelings, for it is only by free expression that one can gain the true repression which is the conserved force of power proved. Gestures, gesticulations, loud-voiced utterances, public demonstration of joy or sorrow are but the expressions of a nature through which plays the whole gamut of emotions. Yet the even tenor of it all is manifested in the calmness, patience and philosophic resignation with which the most vital affairs of life are accepted. To an Oriental, a display of feeling causes no shame, demands no apology—does not Nature herself work without art or effort at concealment?

Recognizing this fact, the worship of the East, so strange, so mysterious, to the Western mind, becomes more intelligible, purposeful and alive with meaning. It is all symbolic, as are our own ceremonials, but the symbols have been made so alive to the devotee by a cultivated spirit of regard and reverence that a part of the atmosphere of mysticism has been absorbed into his very nature, linking him to the golden past and the shining future by that invisible cord of faith whose strength has withstood all conquest and decay.

Those who would banish form from religion forget that they are thereby dissipating the very means by which the spirit can be awakened and through which it can manifest itself. Worship without form is like a stream without its guiding channel, the sifting sand without the confining hour glass to mark Time's measure. It is by form alone that the spirit of religion has been preserved, for it is religion which has created form and perpetuated it and made it the visible, tangible instrument, by means of which man may gain that concentrated force and fervor of devotion that transcends all cant and creed.

The Hindoo, they say, is a slave to form, willing to be governed by rules laid down in the past whose meaning has been forgotten. He replies, "Better be a slave to law than a victim of lawlessness." As a trusting child is content to accept a mother's word as truth, so the orthodox Hindoo is content to accept without question the rules and precepts of ancient sages whose mandates have safely guided his forefathers through life's tangles and can as wisely guide him. "Truth alone" he contends, "can stand without change the test of time and experience."

The Hindoo's form of worship is but the natural expression of his sentiment of God-love. God is to him an Imminent Presence within and without him, a Personal Being dearer than life and nearer than his most cherished earth-loves—not a distant Divinity who must be approached in fear and trembling. His Lord is the Center of his heart and home, and his daily worship is the recognition of this truth and the expression of it in the way that is of all the most natural—by prayers, silent or uttered, chants, and offerings of the choicest of foods and flowers before enjoying these himself. The latter is like our grace be-

fore food which many in the busy West think might well be dispensed with, unmindful of the fact that they are at the same time abolishing, along with the form, a sentiment of the deepest love and gratitude that would make the meanest viands savory, the poorest meal a feast.

If a religion may be judged by its humanizing effects upon its devotees, then, indeed in the case of the Hindoo religion, the sharp tongue of criticism is silenced and prejudice set aside as one learns more of the people and their daily inner life. No people on this broad earth are more kindly than the Hindoos, more gentle, more hospitable, more tolerant, more reverential. Even those who most decry their customs are forced to admit the truth of this statement.

Hospitality which is enjoined by their religion, has become with them a fine art. In the beautiful Oriental language the guest is a deity whose presence brings welfare to the home and its inmates. A stranger in their midst who shows the slightest sympathetic interest in people and affairs finds himself at once the object of the most delicate attentions. Invitations are extended to him to attend interesting functions, carriages are provided for him and the host and entertainers vie with each other in showering courtesies upon him.

The beautiful custom of garlanding the guest with flowers shows the sweet simplicity of childhood that would deck with blossoms the favorite companion. Sweet perfumes that delight the Oriental sense are lightly touched upon the brow and cheek, rich, odorous fragrances or delicate essences of otto like the scented airs of paradise. Then fruits are offered, cut up and piled in tempting heaps on metal salvers and sweetmeats of rare flavor and richness. A feast may follow this and music and song and then the thanks of the host who begs the guest's grace and entreats his pardon for any offence he may have committed. The Hindoo is most sociable, with that natural desire for companionship which those who live a community life possess. Sorrow and joy alike are sentiments that must be shared in order to lessen the pain of the one and heighten the pleasure of the other. On occasions of festivity it is not only the immediate family who must celebrate, but distant relatives, friends and acquaintances and the suffering poor must also have cause for rejoicing.

So every festival means a feast to the poor and a double blessing to the donor—the privilege of giving to the needy and the grace of receiving their gratitude, for what satisfaction is equal to that of a satisfied stomach? A full purse pleads for more gold, a full stomach asks for nothing. And the same way in the case of mourning ceremonies, friends share in the grief and join in the sacred observances that are to bring solace to the mourners and peace to the soul of the departed. Again the poor are fed that they may unite their prayers and the blessings of grateful hearts to the chanted hymns and intoned Vedic slokas whose

mystic power can bridge the span of death and dissolution and reach to realms unseen by mortals.

This community of life and interests is evident in all the family life and relations of the true Hindoo. The head of the family holds an exalted position, yet one weighty with responsibilities. On him are conferred all honors due to his station and on him devolve all the duties of regulating the affairs of the household. The ties of blood are strong and tender and far-reaching, involving mutual obligations that must be met in the spirit that demands no return for duties performed. If a distant relative is reduced to extremities by some misfortune, it is at once the concern of those more favored to render him assistance. Widows, bereaved mothers and the aged are the objects of the most tender care and solicitude, in order to lessen by human aid the crushing blows of fate.

The cares of a family often press heavily upon the one who, by the order of birth, is at the head. Disease, disaster and death come quickly in India with little warning, leaving in their wake a trail of human suffering and misery pitiful to contemplate. So, a small income must often be shared with many and a pittance made to cover a multitude of wants. Here, as the world over, to a greater or less degree, selfishness and ingratitude leave their deplorable results, and the burden of unrelieved suffering is daily becoming greater as the outcome of the unnatural conditions of alien rule, but by the natural assumption of the burdens of the weak by the strong, India has solved, to a great extent, the problem of caring for the sick and afflicted who naturally prefer homes to barracks, loving ministration to hired aid.

The family is thus an institution in India which is calculated to form the main element of the social fabric. The individual becomes truly individualized only when he has made himself conformable to the laws controlling the many. His power as a unit is measured by his degree of cooperation with the collective group forming the whole. Whether he cognizes this fact or not, his forefathers have done so and have formulated the rules by which this integral state of society has been maintained. Thanks to the strict adherence to these rules and in spite of the inroads and depredations created by modern materialistic ideas, India has kept her religion and customs in a large measure intact while newer, material civilizations have arisen and disappeared like bubbles. India has demonstrated the time-defying strength of conservatism and will further demonstrate it before the eyes of the credulous West. Whatever loss she may have suffered materially from the greed and aggrandizement of other nations, the splendid legacy of spiritual achievement is hers untouched, unspoiled by alien hand. It is hers to claim and to scatter of its bounty to those less favored.

WESTERN TEACHING AND EASTERN MINDS

(*London Times*)

THE NATIONS of Europe with dominions in Asia, ourselves at their head, have undertaken to introduce European learning amongst their Asiatic fellow-subjects. One great Asiatic State, by a feat without compare in the history of mankind, has appropriated the whole body of Western knowledge of the material universe, and and in its public relations it has also taken over from us the more essential of our views of right and wrong. Reformers in other Oriental lands seek more or less earnestly to imitate the example of Japan, and all of them regard the acquisition of European learning as the indispensable means to the achievement of their ambitions. But, while we impart our learning to Orientals, we cannot impart to them, and they will not accept from us, our civilisation as a whole. In its modern form it is the product of many factors, two of which stand prominent—our traditional Christianity and our growing knowledge of those laws which regulate the physical universe. It is the compound in varying proportions of the two which mainly determines the moral character and the habits of thought that give our civilisation its distinctive stamp. We inoculate the mind of the East with the one element; it is not receptive of the other. We have to fill the void with such makeshifts as we may.

Lord Cromer in his recent book describes the religious and moral effects of European instruction upon the young Egyptian Moslem very bluntly. It destroys his inherited religion and it substitutes no other for that which it destroys. "He loses his Islamism, or, at all events, the best part of it. He cuts himself adrift from the sheet-anchor of his creed. He no longer believes that he is always in the presence of his Creator, to whom he will some day have to render an account of his actions." He despises and hates the religion he has cast aside, and with that religion go the only effective moral restraints upon him. "Cynical self-interest" becomes to him the sole guide of life and conduct. In India it is to be feared that the first fruits of European learning are very similar. The ordinary run of natives who have imbibed European ideas of proof as applied to the material universe find these ideas to be incompatible with fundamental principles of their ancestral religions. The effect of the unbalanced study of the positive achievements of European progress is even more overwhelming upon the vague pantheism of the more intellectual of the Hindus and upon their emotional nature than it is upon the monotheistic faith and the sturdier character of the Mohamedans. But Hindus and Mohamedans alike tend to become sceptics intellectually, though partly from social and family reasons, and partly from mental habits which may continue to exercise over them a sway of which they are themselves unconscious, they do not often repudiate publicly the creeds in which they are born. Everywhere the shock to the old beliefs would seem grievously to impair the moral precepts which those beliefs inculcate. The older thinkers of both religions view with dismay the rapid spread of crude materialism amongst the younger men of their communities, and Hindus and Mohamedans have both complained within recent years that European education is undermining amongst their people some of the virtues they most highly prize. The great faiths of the East teach devotion to the family, chastity amongst women, veneration and love

for parents, and respect for the powers that be. Those are habits of inestimable value to the community and to the State. It may be said that, in the case of some of these creeds, at least as they are taught to the masses and are practised by them, their lessons are contaminated by much that is depraved and degrading. That, no doubt, is true, but even in their lowest forms these faiths afford to many millions of human beings binding systems of social relationship and definite guidance for conduct. To sap the systems and to impair the authority of the guidance, without the command of better and more effective influences to put in their place, is plainly to imperil the foundations of that social life of which the State is the guardian. Some even of those moral ideas which appeal least to the mind and to the feelings of modern Europeans may not be without their uses, in the eyes of the statesman, amongst the races which honour them. None, for example, is held in greater reverence by the chief religions of the East than the ideal of asceticism. There are few which are more alien to the modern West. The spread of European thought tends to bring it into contempt. Can it be brought into contempt without removing a real restraint upon wild passions for which we have no bridle but the criminal law?

It must be borne in mind, in the examination of this whole problem, that there is a profound difference between the state of mind of the European who has given up the dogmatic beliefs of his forefathers and that of the Asiatic who has taken the same fateful step. The European still clings to those portions of the Christian code of morals which most directly affect his conduct as a good citizen. He is enveloped on all sides by institutions and by traditions which spring from that code, and he retains in every fibre of his nature instincts and feelings which survive from his Christian inheritance, and which, indeed, in no small degree survive from the yet older civilisations that Christianity absorbed and transformed. The upper classes of the Japanese have found a somewhat similar preservative against the subversive moral effects of a renunciation of their traditional creed in their not less traditional system of honour and of chivalrous duties. But, with the members of other Asiatic races, the moral disorganisation caused by the rejection of their ancestral religions is usually complete. They have thrown over-board the only compass which they possessed and there is nothing henceforth to direct them on their course. Appetite and interest are almost the sole motives which actuate them, and able, cultivated, and influential classes whom appetite and interest guide are a manifest danger to their fellows and to the State. There are, of course, powerful forces which tend to moderate the immediate manifestation in their extreme logical consequences of any new theories of life and morals amongst ordinary men, and which for that reason also tend to obscure the practical consequences of such theories in the early stages of their growth. Habit is a conservative force of immense power in the minds, and still more in the actions, of all societies, and it is a force of which we do not perhaps always appreciate the value as a safeguard in periods of what is in truth revolutionary change. To what extent it may be trusted as such a safeguard amongst the different Oriental peoples is a question which many of those who know them most intimately would be the last to answer with confidence. On the Europeanised Moslem of Egypt it would seem to have but little hold, and it is remarkable that no where in the East is the "reform" party more subversive than amongst the Chinese.

JIM

An Anglo-Indian Romance Founded on Real Facts

BY BABA BHARATI

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

JIM, an English regimental officer in India, was lost in a jungle. He meets a Yogi whom he threatens to shoot, on the latter's refusing him a drink. The Yogi's mysterious power prevents Jim's pulling the trigger and then reveals to him a lake which disappears after he has quenched his thirst. Jim undergoes a strange spiritual awakening and determines to follow the Yogi as disciple. He returns home, gains his wife's consent, provides for care of wife and child, and secretly rejoins the Yogi in his monastery in the jungle where he has many mystical and spiritual experiences and undergoes for a year the difficult fiery ordeal of Yoga practice. After this, Jim and a fellow-disciple make a pilgrimage around India. At Benares, he meets one of the Yogi's householder disciples and also receives a letter from his wife whom he thought unaware of his whereabouts. Confused recollections of the almost forgotten past bewilder him and, without seeing his wife, he hastens to Hurdwar to witness the Kumbh Mela where he also has a warm discussion with a Christian missionary. Here Jim is taken to an almost inaccessible mountain cave where he views the greatest of spiritual wonders, the Achal Samadhi—Eternal Trance. On descending the mountain, Jim falls and fractures his legs. He is taken to a nearby monastery where his sufferings are relieved by a wonderful medicine administered by the saints. On waking from sleep, he is startled at recognizing his wife in the garb of a Hindoo nun. A passionate love scene ensues between the long parted lovers, interrupted by the Mahraj who by way of pleasantry threatens to separate the pair and run away with Jim's wife.

CHAPTER XLII.

"THE CARRIAGE is ready, Mâhrâj," said Shânt Dâs with folded hands, rushing into sight from the veranda, laughing a laugh of intense joy.

"Ready?" said the Mâhrâj. "Then come Memsâb, we will go to our hill home and play the Sahib and Mem out of sheer joke for a time." And taking her hand into his arm-pit he dragged her almost to the veranda where sure enough and wonder of wonders an elegant barouche with two snow-white horses stood drawn up in front of the stairs. The liveried coachman and the syces were all there salaaming profusely to the Mahraj as he entered the carriage and sat, after helping Elizabeth into it first. Instantly the carriage moved at a rapid pace and was lost to view of the disciples standing on the porch.

Shant Das then returned to Jim who was standing almost entranced beside his bed.

"Keon, dost, tumârâ khubbar kvâ?—Why friend, what's your news? The Mahraj has eloped with your wife. What do you think of it? Isn't he a badmâsh? He interrupted you at your love-making after such a long, long time, and to think of his carrying away your lady love out of your arms! It is terrible and I sympathize with you, but I feel like dancing all the same and singing, too."

And Shant Das gave his old jig, singing,

"Hili-mili Paniya
Jare nanadiya."

The dance became vigorous more and more and the movements of his limbs were so graceful—the expressions of his soul's exuberant hilarity. For all answer, Jim clasped the dancing figure to his bosom and said:

"Brother dear, my poor wife is fully sacred today. I never knew or even dreamed that she would receive my Gooroo's grace, that my blessed Gooroo out of his mighty mercy had taken her charge along with mine. Oh, I could die

with joy, the joy with which I am bursting I cannot express with words. Words are mere words, Shant Das. When have words expressed the human heart? How much less have they expressed the soul. Mere human beings cannot understand the Mahraj, they are mere mounds of earth and the Mahraj is a Himalaya, not to speak of the Mahraj, the Mahraj who is a whole ocean of love and spirit condensed within a human-looking figure, even to understand a Gooroo is not in mere mortals. What are you all, Shant Das? Tell me. Tell it to your wee little brother who is mystified out of all human sense, tell me that all these experiences through which I am passing since meeting the Mahraj are not a dream. I know it is not, but at times, dear friend,—maybe for a second—I think it is all dream-stuff. Aye, you arch magicians of the world, you can turn even the hard and hideous realities of life into tissues of heavenly joy. What was I, and what am I now? I cannot even discover or remember the process now—the process by which the scoundrel Jim became what he is now, how all earth became by a touch almost all heaven. Excuse me, dear brother, I am talking as I feel, and you two magicians of the soul realm know better about me than I will ever do."

Jim stopped, overcome by the rush of an intenser feeling and dropped at Shant Das' feet.

"What is that?" laughed Shant Das as he pulled Jim up. "What justice is it to make me, poor soul, responsible for all that has happened? Why, man, I am as much a victim of that arch magician, and, being a victim, I sympathize with you, another victim. Now, what shall we do here? Your poor wife is gone, snatched away from you by an old fellow, Lord knows how many years old, hundreds or thousands, nobody knows. And your wounds and their pain seem to be gone too, or else how do you stand and move like this? You seem to be a magician yourself. Now, don't be sorry or sad. Wife is wife, you know. She was yours and now she is the Mahraj's, she hasn't lost her wifehood. These women are eternal wives and eternal widows—I beg your pardon, they are never widows. They affect widowhood when husband is gone but remain a wife at heart. In your country they marry as many husbands as die, in my country they find it too much bother to have more than one and think it is enough to worry over one after he is dead till death relieves them of the worry. Love is worry, my friend, no doubt about it. It is a bad business in all conscience, whether you love man or God. But I think the man is the better fellow, he loves you back if you love him or he does not, that's all about it and you know, but the man upstairs is always behind the curtain. You love him and love him and love him in wondrous ways all your life, but the fellow back of the curtain never responds, does not say yea or nay to your face, is never visible even, or audible either, and you, poor man, you love and love and love—whom? A practical nonentity. Is it not?"

"Yes," said Jim smiling, "yes, as you put it in your queer way. But this hopeless loving and loving is more than the prize we expect. Why, it is its own prize. I have learned to love the Lord through your grace and I have arrived at a stage of loving which has forgotten to expect the response of the object, a stage of love in which even its object itself doesn't count, in which love itself has become its own reward and satisfaction. Hence, I have realized that God is Love, for this love, this objectless love, is born of God-loving."

"Great Lord, what a serious fool is this! Whoever got me in company with a fool who fishes queer truths out of a joke? I think your head has become a little queer on account of your illness, Madho Das, I mean Mr. Jim. Salaam, Sahib, come, let us go out on our wandering errand. It is morning, do you see? A dip in Mother Ganges is better and more profitable than all the philosophy of love and nonsense you spoke just now. Take up your kumbul and kamandal. To Ganga, to Ganga, quick, the divine moment is passing. A dip, a dip, let's have a dip. Hail Mother Ganga, a dip in you is worth all the twaddle about Tatwamasi. Philosophy be hanged, it is so hazy, it is such a mere speculation.

I want something tangible, physically tangible, do you hear? And the Ganges flows from God in tangible stream and when I touch her I do feel I touch God. Come away now, let us run to Ganga, to Ganga."

CHAPTER XLIII

IT WAS a most charming nook on the mountain top and the nicest little bungalow perched on it. It stood with ample flat grounds around it, grounds mostly covered with fruit trees and flower plants. It was a large laid-out garden and orchard with beautiful gravel walks dissecting the whole area. The bungalow was built in English style in good hard wood, most fascinatingly painted outside and inside lavishly furnished in mahogany and marble furniture. There was only one inmate in it and that was Elizabeth Lawrence gowned in latest Paris mode which Worth could not perhaps create. The Maharaj was there two hours before and had decamped, saying he would return soon, asking her to dress in her best out of the wardrobe in her boudoir with the aid of the Hindoo ayah. He had said he would be in at dinner, an English dinner composed of the best courses and cooked by the best native chefs he had procured. Yes, he had said he would come and dine just at dinner hour, dine himself or by proxy, and Elizabeth, after being dressed at the order of the Maharaj, was just thinking, sitting on a soft blue velvet sofa, what the Maharaj meant by proxy, for the Maharaj, she was thinking, was more than mysterious in all he did or said. She, therefore, prepared herself for a fresh miracle. Just then there was a tap on the door. Elizabeth rose and hurried to the door, expecting the Maharaj, but who should she see coming in in the finest English-cut English clothes and hat in hand but Jim, her husband, Jim, in all his embrowned skin and color, the hair parted in the middle in up-to-date vogue, smiling his heart out. In another second she was in his arms, he kissing her upturned lips ardently. But it was too much for Elizabeth. She was not prepared for this sort of miracle and, although she was thrilled through, it was hard for her to realize the situation. Only this morning she had come to this mountain home leaving Jim, her sannyasi husband, in a hermitage near Hurdwar, convalescing but in rags and matted locks. How could he be transformed into what he was just now inside of twelve hours? What stunning miracle was this? Now, this realism seemed to her to be a greater miracle than all the wonderful ones she had witnessed and experienced ever since knowing the Maharaj. Resting her head on his breast, "Jim, Jim," she mumbled, "what is all this? Excuse me, Jim, but the Maharaj is beyond mortal comprehension."

"Well, we all know that," said Jim, kissing her again, "but the fact remains that here I am transformed by the Maharaj into your old Jim. Why, don't you love me now or do you love the Maharaj better since he is your best sweetheart? Come, let us talk it over," and he led her to the sofa. "But, why," he exclaimed, "What wonder of a dress have you on! It seems to beat in its making the work of all the tailors in creation and how beautiful you look in it, better than ever you did. Yes, you do, Elizabeth, you do. Maharaj wishes me to dine with you in these clothes he has made for me. I am hungry, hungry for an old time dinner. Is it ready?"

Just then a liveried servant came in bowing and said the dinner was ready.

"Now come," said Jim, "let us eat and talk. Not of the Maharaj but of Auld Lang Syne. Come, my darling, what are you looking at me for? The Maharaj is the Maharaj and we are Lizzie and Jim and eating is the juice of life, good eating for choice."

He gave his arm to her in the old way and Elizabeth, still suffering from the spirit of mystery, mechanically walked to the table, a small round one covered with snow white cloth and gold and silver dishes, plates, forks, spoons and knives. On a marble side-board stood several courses emitting the most appetizing odor. Jim made Elizabeth sit opposite him and as Elizabeth was still in a

dreamy and dazed condition he unfolded her serviette and placed it on her lap. Going to his seat he ordered the khansamah, who stood in silent reverence in his blue and gold chapkan and white sash and pugree, to bring in the soup. The waiter salaamed and placing the silver soup-dish on the table took away its cover. It was steaming hot soup, golden complexion. Its rich smell attacked the nostrils of the two diners and forced its way into their stomach and created that revolution in it called keen hunger.

"This is a magician's soup, no wonder," said Jim laughing, "Lizzie, don't waste time to taste it," as he took up the gold spoon and sipped it, "why it is nectar, I think it is the old Mahraj who must have cooked it himself with some mysterious materials. What is it, khansamah, what soup is this, vegetable or meat?"

"I don't know, Sahib," said the khansamah bowing.

"Who cooked it?"

"The baburjee."

"You mean the cook? You mean that a cook is here to prepare all these dishes?"

"Yes, Sahib, a Brahman cook."

"A Brahman cook to prepare khána for Sahib and Mem—how lucky we are, Lizzie. Why don't you taste it? Why are you fidgeting with your spoon? Taste the soup and you will feel better."

Elizabeth tasted it and said it was very good and wondered what it was made of, trying to cheer herself up by force out of the mystery which had taken hold of her.

"Come out of that mystery, Lizzie, to reality. This dinner is a reality, you see. We have had enough of mystery and magic and all the tommyrot of spiritual life. The Mahraj at best is a humbug, but this is a hard, delicious truth, this soup. Let us enjoy this palatable truth while we may."

Elizabeth laughed and sipped her soup in right earnest.

"What is the next course?" asked Jim of the khansamah.

"Vegetable fish, Sahib."

"You mean vegetable and fish?"

"No, Sahib, vegetable fish."

"Is there a vegetable fish? Where does it grow?"

"It is made, Sahib, it doesn't grow."

"What is it made of?"

"I don't know, the cook knows."

"Bring it here, I want to see it."

The waiter brought it, placed it on the table, took away the cover, removed the soup plates and placed fresh ones all in a twinkling. Jim took some out and put it on his plate. It was fried fish, no doubt, fried in ghee—clarified butter—a small fish with the head cut off. Jim examined it with his fork while the waiter put some sauce beside it. Jim was trying to find some bones in it, at least the middle bone.

"Vegetable fish have no bones, Sahib," said the khansamah smiling.

Jim cut a piece and put it in his mouth and chewed it slowly.

"By Jove," he said, "why it tastes like fish in every particular. Eat it, darling, see for yourself, isn't it fish?"

Elizabeth tasted it and said, "Yes, what a succulent fish!" And they ate, praising it with every mouthful. When finished, Jim asked what the next course was.

"Chicken cutlet," said the khansamah.

"Chicken, real chicken?"

"No, Sahib, vegetable chicken."

"My, what paradoxes these Hindoos confuse one with!"

Jim ate some and turning to the khansamah said, "Do you mean to say that this is not real chicken?"

"Yes," smiled the khansamah.

"This also is vegetable, you say?"

"Yes, sahib."

"Do you know what it is made of?"

"No, Sahib, the cook knows."

"Then call the cook, I want to ask him, for I want to know."

"Jo hookum—whatever is your order," said the waiter bowing and ran to fetch the cook.

The cook came and salaaming low said, "What can I do for huzoor?" He spoke in English. Jim at first was surprised but, remembering that Madrassé cooks spoke English, asked him if he was a Madrassé.

"No, Sir," said the cook, "I am a hill Brahman."

"I want you to explain your mysterious dishes, they are excellently good. What was the soup made of?"

"Pea mulligatawny."

"I thought mulligatawny was made of chicken. If it is only peas, where does the taste of chicken come from?"

"Other vegetables mixed with it and spices and the cooking."

"But how did you prepare the vegetable fish?"

"Dhal (pulse) paste, sweet curd, condensed milk, almonds and spices."

"Where did you get the skin?"

"From the leaf of a plant called kachu."

"What a mysterious cook you are! How did you make the chicken cutlet? That, I presume, had some chicken in it."

"No, sir, it is all vegetable, young jack fruit and tomato, sweet curd and spices."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is the next course?"

"Gravy kábob—meat balls."

Jim ate some. This, at least, he thought was meat. "No meat in this?" he asked.

"No, sir," was the answer, "It is made of mashed radishes and parched gram."

"What wonders these dishes are," said Elizabeth. "We have not tasted anything like them in all our lives. Ask what is the next course, Jim."

"Duck croquettes."

"And what is your duck made of? You are the queerest cook in creation."

"Banana buds, gram and other ingredients."

The next course was mutton curry, and Jim, seeking further knowledge was told that it was made of figs, European figs. This curry, in flavor and meaty richness surpassed all the other courses and Jim and Elizabeth could not find vocabulary to praise it and they ate it almost silently.

The next course was pudding made of ground corn. Then came champagne and fruits. Needless to say the champagne was without alcohol.

CHAPTER XLIV.

DINNER FINISHED. Jim and Elizabeth adjourned to the drawing-room where Jim asked his wife to play on the piano some old time love songs. Elizabeth, who had by this time recovered from her dulness, thanks to the dinner and the wine, thumped the piano while she tried to recall from her memory, out of which her old domestic life had almost been obliterated, some song that would please Jim and be suitable to the occasion.

"Why not sing 'In the Gloaming?'" suggested Jim. "And I will sing too," he added, "as of old." And putting his arm round her neck he kissed her. That kiss gave a tingle to her blood and revived old memories and she at once burst out with a vigor that almost startled Jim. Her fingers produced from out the keys an accompaniment that swelled the richness of her voice which came from out her soul. She thrilled through her whole being as she sang and every atom in her body vibrated with her voice and passion—a newly awakened passion which made her soul, mind and body one whole harmonious unity. She was astonished herself at her own voice, the mellow richness of which she remembered never to have found in any other. It made the old song itself almost entirely new and filled the words with meanings she had never discovered before. The words rolled out of her voice as the voice rolled out of her throat, independent of any effort whatever.

So seemed to her Jim's voice, richer, fuller, sweeter than ever before. It seemed his English voice was gone, at least the harshness of it. It was soft, sonorous, delicate. He sang from out of his soul, too. The voices of each were their soul-voices and their old voices seemed to them now to be miserable attempts at singing.

In the gloaming, O my darling,
When the lights are dim and low
When the quiet twilight shadows
Softly come and softly go.

And the next stanza quivered with its sad sweetness and interest through their very blood and nerves. When it was finished Elizabeth threw herself on Jim's breast, entwining his neck with her arms, and wept and sobbed with the pain of a woe which seemed to break her heart.

"What is it, darling?" asked Jim, his voice tremulous with affection. "why are you weeping? Have the old memories made you sad? We will not think now of the past, we will live in the present, in the very now."

"No, Jim," said Elizabeth, "it's not that, it is the impossibility of leading the old life in the new that hurts me. Our past seems to be dead and gone now, no use trying to revive it, you cannot make a dead thing alive. How wonderfully we sung that song, Jim, as we never had sung it before. It was an old song with a new life, its sentiments were all right but they had new aspects. The passion we felt in singing it was not the same passion that it waked in us in the old days in the barrooms. It was a new passion instinct with a sublime life, a higher conception of life. That song is a song of sense-love and yet out of it, while singing, issued forth a soul-love that lifted me out of the things of earth and the senses—up and up and up into the realms of a love of which the song itself does not know the whereabouts, neither did its author when he composed it. No, Jim, trying to live this old life will not do now. The past is past and the future seems to be an absolute blank. The present is a machination of the Mahraj or of Krishna, it makes no difference. We seem to be two straws floating down the stream, whereto we have no specific idea. But one thing is certain, we are floating into the ocean—the ocean of love, the ocean of bliss, Jim, and as I say it I feel touching its waves in my very soul. Let us live this life, Jim, this blessed life that the Mahraj has ordained for us. I do not know what has made the Mahraj to throw us back into this kind of life, and yet his will is our weal no doubt and I bow to it, for his will is the will of Krishna."

"Yes, yes, you are right," said Jim holding her hand in his, "the Mahraj's will is for our very best, for that the Mahraj runs Krishna there in not even an atom of doubt. Then what will you have me do? We cannot infringe the Mahraj's order."

"Where is the Mahraj?"

"He is very near. Do you want to see him? I can find him for you."

"He is near? Then we can both go and fall at his feet and appeal to him for the new life. We don't want the old any more. Let us go."

"No, use your going, stay here, I will send him to you in a minute."

So saying, Jim kissed her hands, put on his overcoat and hat in a second, waved to her his left hand and a goodbye and passed out.

"Wait, wait, Jim," cried Elizabeth, "don't go like that. Have I hurt you, Jim?" and clasping her hands she shook with repentance, murmuring softly to herself, "Have I hurt Jim?"

She had closed her eyes and she heard somebody say, "No, he is not hurt, he is proud of you even as you are proud of him." She opened her eyes. The Mahraj stood before her. She fell prone at his feet.

"O Mahraj, it is too much. Have mercy on me, your littlest child."

How long she was in this prostrate position she did not know. She was in an unconscious state, entirely unconscious. When she woke up from it she thought she was dreaming, she had a wild look in her eyes and stared around the room. It was not the same room in the bungalow upon the mountain where she had fallen at the feet of the Mahraj. It was the room in which she had lived in the little monastery near Hurdwar with her sister nun who sat in front of her and asked, "What's the matter, Piyari?" For all answer Elizabeth asked, "Is it a dream, all a dream?" The Sannyasini drew her to her bosom and stroking her hair said,

"Nothing is a dream, yet all is dream. Life itself is a dreamy reality or the reality in the dream. You had your test examination and you have passed it well. Life is all rose-colored under the shadow of the Mahraj. Even pain is transformed into ecstasy by his grace. Did you see your Jim?"

"Yes."

"In the monastery where I took you?"

"Yes, but was it Jim I saw and talked to? Was that a reality?"

"Yes, and it was a reality. It was all real."

"And up on the mountain, was it a reality too?"

"Yes and no, for your consciousness was there and we are nothing but our consciousness."

"And Jim, was he there?"

"No, it was the Mahraj."

(To be continued)

I am the Source, the Middle and the End of all things. I hold the thunder in My hand; I am the winds that purify; I am the light registered in the babe's eye, that dimples in the pure maid's smile; I am the flowery season of all seasons, the immeasurable mountain heights am I, the perfume of the lotus, the ice-clasped rain; I am the calmness of serenity; I am the secret of all silence; the solitude in all quietude am I; I am the destroyer of time and space. With Me time lives and laughs and kicks and plays with the dust it has made, yet every mote a whirling world becomes, when it My hand has touched. I am the knower of all that is knowable, the wisdom of all that is wise. I am the creator of all created, for I am Love and Love is the mother of all.—From "*Krishna*" by Baba Bharati.

PARAGRAPHS ON PASSING EVENTS

BY BABA BHARATI

MY SECOND Madras lecture was fixed for Nov. 5, all arrangements for it having been made by Mr. Krishnaswamy Iyer, my kind host. I was very ill in Madras, more ill than people knew. My affectionate host knew it, however, and such was his concern for me that he asked if it would not be better to postpone the lecture till I was sufficiently recovered to deliver it. I said, "No, I would rather deliver the address if I had strength enough to go to Pachaiyappa's Hall and stand on the platform." So intense was my thirst which nothing in the world, it seemed, could slake that my tongue was dry as dust all the time. Standing on the platform was all right, but how to speak for more than an hour with such a dry tongue? And I have never prepared my lecture but have trusted my Krishna to inspire my thoughts and words—Krishna, the Word Itself which is the parent of thought.

The First Time I Heard "Bande Mataram."

As I entered the carriage with Krishnaswamy he asked me to think of my lecture, if I wanted, rather than talk with him. I would have told him I had nothing to think, but I kept silent because my tongue was so dry that it refused to stir to speak. Krishnaswamy once again asked me, seeing the condition within me as it mirrored itself on my face, if it would not be advisable yet to postpone the lecture from the platform. I said, "No, I would rather speak and have done with it."

We reached the hall which was very full, packed to its utmost capacity. Krishnaswamy was surprised for he had almost despaired of getting a big audience, as Mr. Keir Hardie, who was just then in Madras and was being fêted and much sought after, was likely to draw away most English-knowing Madrascers. It was warm, too, and the vast audience was impatient for my arrival, so that when I arrived I was greeted with shouts of cheers and *Bande Mataram*. This *Bande Mataram*, which I heard for the first time since coming to India, was very sweet to the ear.

Americans Sing "Radha Govinda Jaya."

When we took our seats on the platform which was very crowded, too, with the best intellects of Madras, Professor M. Rungachariar presided and opened the function with a short speech of much vigor. He paid a tribute to the late Swami Vivekananda and cleared the ground for my lecture by introducing me and my six American students on the platform, and who sang "Radha Radha Govinda Jaya" in our own Bengalee Sankirtan tune which took away the breath of the audience. It was the most unique entertainment in India, Hindoo Sankirtan sung by the lips of white Americans in the truest Hindoo tune without any

fault of pronounciation or rhythm. The surprise of the house was great and when I rose they cheered me more warmly because of this most extraordinary phenomenon.

The West Worships Belly and Pleasure.

My lecture was entitled "My Mission Abroad." I began by saying that compared with other peoples, those of the Western world especially, the Hindoos were divine, because the sheet-anchor of the Hindoo consciousness was religion and devotion to the Deity. To convince the audience that I was not flattering them to gain popularity I described and depicted the daily life of the average Westerner, how he grabs the breakfast the moment he rises from bed, his first thought being the worship of his own body and belly; how he passes through his waking hours hunting for money and pleasure and it is after a paroxysm of eating, drinking and merry-making, he lays himself down to have a heavy sleep of exhaustion; that religion never enters into his mind all through every twenty-four hours; and that if, on Sunday, some of them go to Church, it is, in most cases, out of a sort of wish to have a change, even people who are called devout Christians, only go to Church to patronise Jesus Christ who, according to their opinion, is the best saviour they can engage for their salvation. In practical life, Jesus and God occupied a very low position, lower than the belly and body of his kind devotee, and all that concerns that belly and the body. The ministers, with most of whom religious preaching is as good a trade as any other, does his business to suit the taste and the whim of the congregation. A half hour's sermon, all prepared and mouthed, is all they dare deliver, for a longer sermon will imperil their job.

The Hindoos—a Divine People.

Not so with the Hindoos. With the Hindoo religion is not only the first and the foremost, but his very daily life is lived according to religion. It is the chief business of his existence, the path to God, the be-all and end-all of all mortal aspiration. The Hindoo awakes religiously, shouting the Name and praise of God the moment he is awake. He bathes religiously, and sits to pray to and worship God before performing any temporal duty. He feeds his soul first before feeding his body, and even the food he prepares for the body is prepared religiously and offered to God before it is eaten. With every step and action, an unspoilt, un-Anglicised Hindoo remembers God, and his religion finds him weekly occasions to worship his Deity with rituals and ceremonies. The Hindoo's home-life is woven with religious rules and ritualism. The Hindoo home is a monastery filled with vibrations of spirituality such as no Christian monastery can dream of. I told my audience that during my mission this fact, among many others, I have found out for them and that I wanted to impress it upon their minds so that they would believe me when I call them

the most divine people on earth, and that they must not barter this divine consciousness of theirs for all the other material advantages of the world.

True Swadeshi and Denationalized Patriots.

Referring to politics I told the audience not to be too much filled with politics. I told them that I hated politics not only because I was a Sanyâsi, but also because politics was a pariah side of life. The Hindoos, under British rule, moreover, had no politics, all politics having been taken out of their hands by their rulers. It was intensely quixotic, their playing at politics. Referring to Swadeshi I said it was a God-sent thing, a dispensation in the march of the world's events. But, I said, the political claptraps imported by some of the so-called leaders into this God-sent Swadeshi was about to kill it. I told them not to follow these self-appointed leaders because they were their worst enemies—wolves in sheep's clothes. This at once disturbed the hornet's nest in the audience, I mean the extremist young men—the victims of the extremist leaders, good boys who are being entirely spoilt by the notoriety-seeking, crackbrained, Anglicised fools who called themselves patriots and swayed unwary minds by some sort of gab-gift they have practised. They cried out "no, no," and some began to hiss at me. I silenced them entirely by calling them what they were—denationalised imps who had no respect for their elders. I told them they were no more Hindu than the Chinese are Hebrew. I advised them to be Swadeshi from the bottom of their heart and soul, in religion, in society and in the home and then this god-sent seed of the Swadeshi would grow into a vast tree in time for our distressed and famished people to sit under its shade munching its fruits to their satisfaction. This cheered even the extremists and I had a volley of applause.

Jaya Deva's Arati Sung by Americans Carried Away the House.

This closed the lecture and after the tremendous noise of the cheers had subsided, my American students sang the "National Anthem" composed by Mrs. Rose Rejnhardt Anthon, a poem of rarest merit, better than any national song of any nation. It was conceived by me when my students were singing "America" in a railroad car in Japan and composed by Mrs. Anthon on board the Japanese boat, "Awa Maru" in the China Seas, rehearsed on the Indian ocean and sung for the first time at this meeting in Madras. It created such an enthusiasm that the audience rushed bodily to the platform for a copy of it. Mr. Krishnaswamy had some thousands of copies of it printed and these were distributed at the door and were prized as a souvenir of the meeting by the two thousands of people who had cheered us again as we stepped into our carriages. All the Extremists my Krishna had won over for me, for their shouts had a ring of love for me, which made me both rich and proud.

Now the holy one had taught his disciple the worth of a cow, that the cow was the most sacred animal, the second mother of humanity, the nourisher of every human life in infancy, for is not every babe sustained by cow's milk, and above all, was not the cow the most loved animal of their Lord God? Krishna, Himself, when he walked on earth as a youth, had, on His own choice, become even a cowherd.

All this the young disciple remembered and remembering it, he worshipped the cow as a mother and served her with great care and fondness, and because of it he was not always able to read to the villagers the wisdom they came to hear from the Gooroo's books.

"Now," said the villagers, "this boy, in his conscientiousness, is overly busy with serving the cow. Let us send to him the little Brahman maiden, who hath neither mother nor father, to take from him the work of serving the cow, so he may be ready to read to us from the Book of Wisdom when we come every evening at sundown as the master bade us to do."

So it was that Brinda, the little Brahman orphan, first came to serve the Brahman disciple, and lo, at her coming, the house was filled with sunshine and tasks vanished from beneath her little brown fingers as if by magic! The hut echoed with her soft songs and the cow pricked up her ears and bellowed at her coming. So as time went on, the poor Brahman lad sat by the hour and gazed into the moon knowing not what the sweet pain was that filled his heart even more than the greatest truths that his Gooroo had given him, and oft in the midst of his readings from the sacred Scriptures at sundown, he halted and sought in the crowd of peering dark eyes, the dancing ones, with the downcast lids, of the little Brahman maiden who came each morning to serve and left him each eve taking with her the sunshine of his heart and hut.

Thus time passed and soon the villagers noted that the disciple was in love with the little maid, and because of it, he pined in the hopelessness of his position, for was he not an ascetic disciple of the holy man, and was it not expected, therefore, that he must never wed? And so the villagers again put together their many and wise heads and took counsel among themselves.

"It is best," they decided in whispers. "The little Brinda is alone in the world. He is of her own caste. The holy man has made us guardians over him and since he pines for the maid and the maid for him, we shall have them wedded and that will be the best from all sides."

And thus the little Brinda became the wife of the disciple who lived in the hut and served the cow that fed the cat that killed the mice that threatened the books that belonged to the holy man who was on his pilgrimage to all the holy places of the land.

And the years passed and with the fourth there came again to the village the holy man who had travelled into many places to view the sacred spots on his pilgrimage. And he hurried to the edge of the village to find his hut and clasp again to his breast his disciple, the dear boy whom he had left in charge of his home and his books. But he could not find the hut. In its place stood a newly built house and around it all a wall that proclaimed it the home of a householder.

Wonderingly he called aloud to the custodian of the house and the disciple appeared wearing no more in his face the look of the ascetic but bearing in his left arm a year-old baby and his right clasping the little hand of a three-years-old boy, who had the dancing eyes of Brinda and the look of the young disciple in their sweet faces.

On seeing the holy man before him, all the accumulated fears of his broken vows of the past years rushed upon his mind. He saw himself again in the little hut with his Master listening to the slokas that were to make of him also a holy man. He saw himself performing the holy austerities that were to lead to renunciation, he saw himself living a life at one with God in the wilderness. Then, startled by this sudden rousing of old memories, he threw himself at the feet of his Master, rolled in the dust made wet by his rushing tears and cried:

"It all came about to save your books, O Gooroo! To keep away the mice a cat was brought. To feed the cat a cow was brought. To serve the cow the maid Brinda came. To save myself I married her, and these two babies are the fruits thereof. All for the sake of your books, O Gooroo, all for the sake of your books!"

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA

I am revealed in every living thing, whose heart is knit in love. No light there is wherein I do not live, no darkness is wherein I do not peer. My seed perfected in you lives unknown, it groweth and frees you from crooked ways. Unheard it thunders louder than the mountain claps when they in gladness meet.

That which is heaved up is ever a process of cleansing. The sea heaves up its dead and its riches. The earth heaves up its dryness, so that the riches which are pregnant therein may be found. Man must heave up the dead beliefs of his mind and heart, so that the soil may be made ready for the new blessings of wisdom.

Strife is an upheaval; sin is an upheaval; conceit is an upheaval; ingratitude is also an upheaval—a getting ready, as it were, for the new germs of wisdom to find bedding. An upheaval is simply a fertilizer for the plant which shall spread in the heart of mankind. Gaze on thy right, on thy left, above and even below, and then shalt thou see that the upheaval is even inundating and overlapping and even embracing thy little ones who are being made fertile for the seed thou shalt plant within their soul.

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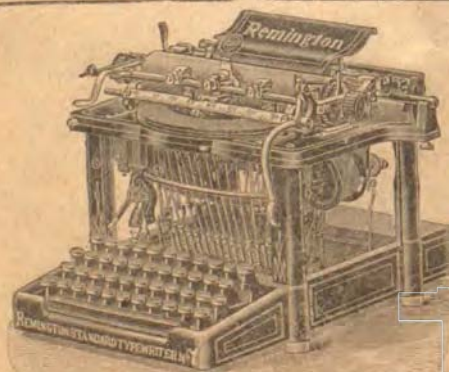
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